Walt Whitman O Sun of Real Peace

«O sun of real peace! O hastening light!
O free and extatic! O what I here, preparing, warble for!
O the sun of the world will ascend, dazzling, and take his height —
and you too, O my Ideal, will surely ascend!
O so amazing and broad — up there resplendent, darting and burning!
O vision prophetic, stagger'd with weight of light! with pouring glories ...»

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PAINTING (OLHA DARCHUK)